

JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

A FAMOUS CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE GRAPHICALLY RELATED.

When the Besieged Had Lost All Hope, the Scotchwoman Heard the Slogan Which Announced That the Highlanders Were Coming to the Rescue.

In conversation between a distinguished judge of this state and an editor of the article of Mark Twain's on telepathy casually came into talk. Many cases were cited, and the judge alluded to the remarkable story of Jessie Brown. It will be new to many, and it is given here with as it appeared in a letter to the London Times, the letter being written by a lady who was the wife of an officer at Lucknow:

"On every side death stared us in the face. No human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpur. We were resolved rather to die than to yield and were fully persuaded that in 24 hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other and to perform the light duties which were assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night."

"I had gone out to try to make myself useful in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege and had fallen away visibly during the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awake her when, as she said, her father should return from the plowing."

"She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. 'I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening."

"A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me toward her and exclaimed: 'Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?—ye, I'm no dreaming! It's the slogan of the highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered."

"My English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to her feet and heard her cry incessantly: 'Courage! Courage! The highlanders are coming! The highlanders are coming! Help us as grandest of them all!'"

"To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard only the roar of the musketry."

"A few moments more of this death-like suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, springing to her feet and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: 'Will ye no believe it now? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are coming—D'ye hear? D'ye hear?'"

"At that moment all seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need."

"Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch."

"To our cheer of 'God Save the Queen' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?' After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance to the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Whittier's poem, "The Pipes at Lucknow," and Robert T. S. Lowell's "The Relief of Lucknow" are descriptive of this same incident.—Baltimore American.

Matrimonial Item.

Chummy—How the mischief did you come to marry that old widow? Why didn't you marry the daughter?

Benedict—I thought over the matter carefully. If I had married the daughter, I'd have had the mother on my hands anyhow. Then I'd have had both on my hands, but as it is, now that her mother is provided for, very likely somebody else will marry the daughter, and then I'll only have one of them to provide for.—Texas Sittings.

SANG FOR HIS LIFE.

The Disagreeable Alternative Frederick Augustus Presented to Musician Abell. John Abell, a celebrated singer and musician who lived in the reign of Charles II, had a very great notion of himself and would not perform unless he pleased. There is a funny story told of how he was once made to sing against his will.

While traveling abroad for pleasure he came into the town of Warsaw. News was brought to the palace of the famous English singer's arrival, and Frederick Augustus, the king of Poland, immediately sent word that he desired Abell to appear before him.

"Tell his majesty," replied John curtly, "that it suits me not."

Back went the court messenger with a wry face. He knew his master's temper too well.

"Tell Master Abell," thundered the king, "that I will have him come! And take you, boy, three stout fellows with you."

The messenger and the three stout fellows between them managed to carry out the royal wish and presently marched triumphantly up to the palace with their unwilling captive.

The king was awaiting them in the great hall, where he had seated himself in a balcony that ran all round the sides. Above him an immense chair hung from the roof by a rope.

"Now, then, into the chair and up with him," cried Frederick Augustus, with a chuckle. "We'll soon see if our song bird won't sing in his cage. Up with him, my merry men all!"

And up in the air swung Abell, who still refused to open his mouth. When he gave a glance downward, however, he changed his mind. Into the hall beneath him a number of wild bears had been turned loose.

"Sing, sirrah!" the king shouted, "or down you go to play with my brown babies."

One look at those "brown babies," growling and snarling below in a very unbecoming manner, was sufficient to convince the stubborn John. Sing he did, and he often used to declare in after days that he never sang so well in his life as when he was hanging there, a hundred feet high above the fierce beasts.—New York Journal.

Don't Try to Cheat a Lawyer.

A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a town where there was only one other lawyer, an aged judge.

A close-fisted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man and contrived in a sort of neighborly way to get some legal questions answered. Then, thinking the young man, he was about to leave, when the young man asked for a \$5 fee. The old fellow went into a violent passion and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him.

So the old fellow went down to see the judge and said:

"That young scamp that's just come into town, I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me \$5 for legal advice."

"Served you right," said the judge.

"I have I got to pay it, judge?"

"Of course you have."

"Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off.

"Hold on," said the judge, "aren't you going to pay me?"

"Pay you? What for?"

"For legal advice."

"What do you charge?"

"Ten dollars."

The result was that the old fellow had to pay \$5 to the young lawyer and \$10 to the old one.—Toronto Globe.

The Gallery Gods' Applause.

Lawrence Barrett once told me of a conversation he had with Edwin Booth. The latter had been congratulated upon an ovation given him by a crowded house on the opening night of an engagement. "The sweetest music to my ears," said the great tragedian, "is the shouting of the boys in the gallery. I know they are not applauding because I have a reputation or because they wish to make a display. They simply give vent to their natural enthusiasm. When they shout, I know that I am giving a good performance. As for the parterre, it may clap its hands out of politeness. A dramatic critic who had certain notions as to how a line should be read will applaud if I read it his way; otherwise he will remain quiet. I can never analyze the applause of the front rows, but the gallery is sincere in its likes or dislikes."—Chicago Record.

Disappointing.

She was a very cultured and fashionable young lady, albeit she was only 6 years old, and she was a resident of New York. A gentleman calling on her parents had an opportunity to have a brief tete-a-tete with her.

"I presume," he said, "that when you grow up you will marry, as all little girls do?"

"No," she replied languidly. "No, I hardly think I shall."

"Indeed! That will be so disappointing."

"Possibly it may be to mamma and to the young gentleman, but not to me, I fancy," and she lolled back in her chair quite tired to death, don't you know.—Detroit Free Press.

Unappreciated.

A single word sometimes reveals a man's inmost thought.

"Who are those girls playing a duet on the piano?" asked one man of another at an evening party.

"One of them is the daughter of the hostess," was the answer.

"And who is her accomplice?"—London Tit-Bits.

Excusable.

Customer—Waiter, this bullock's heart is very badly cooked.

Waiter—Well, sir, the fact is, the cook's been crossed in love, and whenever he has anything to do with a heart it so upsets him that he doesn't know what he's a-doin' of.—London Million.

THOMAS GODFREY.

A Man Who Bears That Peculiar Name Tells How It Originated.

The register of the Girard House recently recorded the arrival in the city of Thomas Godfrey of Barrow-in-Furness, England. Being approached upon the subject of the oddity of his surname, Mr. Godfrey said:

"Yes, I suppose the name does sound very odd to Americans, although such names are not altogether unusual in England and especially in Lancashire, which was a stronghold of the Roundheads or Puritans in Cromwell's time. My home is in Barrow-in-Furness, which is in Lancashire. My ancestors prior to Cromwell's time were all royalists. The family name was Elliot. A younger son renounced the religious faith and political opinions of his forefathers and became a Puritan. As was usual in such cases he assumed his carnal name of Charles Elliot and took the inspired one of Ezekiel Godfrey."

"There is quite a romance connected with this ancestor of mine. He fell in love with the only daughter of a Colonel Fielding in the Cavaliers' army, and not being able to obtain her father's consent to their marriage Ezekiel abducted her and for two years kept her hidden in a dreary house that stood near the little town of Formby, where a son was born. After a battle a little to the south of the River Mersey between the Cavaliers and Roundheads her brothers discovered her and carried her off to old Furness abbey. In the hurry the child was left behind, but as a result of the mother's pleading one of the brothers returned to Formby to get it."

"In the meantime Ezekiel had discovered his loss and removed the child. Then he followed the brother back to Furness abbey, but arrived too late. The brother and sister had set sail from Barrow beach for the Isle of Man. A storm came up, and Ezekiel arrived just in time to see the boat founder. He returned to his child more bitter against the royalists than ever and brought the child up with the same sentiments."

"At the close of the war Ezekiel adopted the trade of a weaver and settled in Barrow-in-Furness. Thus the name was perpetuated, the stern commands of the father forbidding the son to throw off the fanciful nickname when the heat of Puritanical zeal had given away."—Philadelphia Times.

The Different Londons.

The size of London is somewhat indefinite, but may be said to cover about a square mile. The postal district covers an area of 250 square miles. The police district extends still farther, covering an area of 677 square miles. On the other hand, the parliamentary London is much narrower. It consists of 10 boroughs, of which the city of London, although the smallest, having 30,583 inhabitants in 1881—is represented by four members on account of its commercial and financial importance, while each of the other nine, although larger, is represented only by two. Westminster, 57,838; Chelsea, 258,011; Marylebone, 477,116; Hackney, 262,427; Finsbury, 432,316; Tower Hamlets, 231,123; Lambeth, 379,112; Southwark, 207,339; Greenwich, 167,632.

Put together, these 10 boroughs represent only a population of about 3,000,000, and the remainder of the inhabitants of the city belong to non-metropolitan electoral districts. Generally, however, the size of the city is determined by the area under the operation of the metropolis local government act, which is also adopted by the registrar general of the census. According to the definition, London covers an area of 132 square miles, forming parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent.—Baltimore American.

Costly Meals.

The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelin Verus, one of the most lavish of the latter day Roman aristocrats. The supper was only intended for a dozen persons, yet its cost was 6,000 sesteritia, which would amount to \$48,000 in English money, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius cost a fraction over \$200,000. Lucianus says that this banquet consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls, besides other courses in proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for the world, did not reign very long; otherwise the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain would have been exhausted.

It may not be out of place to mention here that it is recorded as a curious point of history that a single dish on the table of the Emperor Heliogabalus was worth \$200,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Lights Went Out.

His royal highness the Prince of Wales was present at a noble lord's once together with all fashionable London, and after dinner the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, were preparing to display their talent, when suddenly out went the light, and performers and audience were left in total darkness. As the light was electric and was supplied from a private engine which had chosen this inopportune moment to go completely wrong, there was nothing for the giver of the feast to do but to collect all the available bedroom candlesticks and empty bottles and stick candles all over the place. The effect was most comical and seemed to cause amusement to everybody but the host.—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Had His Reward.

It was in a large department store that a gilded youth drifted up to the candy counter.

"Do you know," he said to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should dismiss you?"

"Why?" she asked indignantly.

"In order to give the candy a chance," he answered.

And she gave him 11 pounds of 75 cent candy for 50 cents.—Detroit Free Press.

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trustee of the institution for the year 1893, is

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RESOURCES.

Bonds and Mortgages \$100,000.00

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United States Bonds \$7,500.00

Mortgages and Loans \$10,000.00

Bonds and Mortgages \$10,000.00

Real Estate \$10,000.00

Furniture and Fixtures \$10,000.00

Interest due and accrued \$10,000.00

\$255,500.00